

## 1950s Texas

*Milo Kearney*

There was an invisible cage  
on that bus in Houston.  
Others saw it,  
but I,  
with my Yankee background,  
was oblivious.

The first seat available  
was next to a black lady,  
So I asked if it was taken  
and then sat down.

I was totally unprepared  
for what followed.  
The bus pulled to the curb,  
and the driver came back  
to where we sat  
and ordered the black lady  
to move farther back.

“Why?” I asked.  
“Blacks can’t sit with whites,”  
the driver growled.  
“Then I’ll stand up.  
This lady was here first,”  
I remonstrated.  
“No, no, it’s alright.  
I’m moving,”  
said the lady as she rose.

The bus continued on its way,  
but it did so with a cage in the back  
which I had not seen before  
and which has been imprinted on my memory  
ever since.

## The Hurry Cane

*Peter Holland*

I descend into my spiraling day  
in hurried confusion like a busy ant.  
One should feel this is progress,  
but it is little less than chaos.  
A child’s clear voice  
breaks through into the busy  
making me pause.  
I revel in my awe  
at the peace beauty brings,  
stilling life’s hurricane

## Untitled Haiku

*Barbara Palacios*

As the flower blooms  
I have seen the reason for  
My true destiny

## Waiting Not an Option

*Janie Alonso*

Lord, your ocean is so great  
How can I not enjoy it?  
How can you ask me  
Just to fast and pray  
When my eyes have not seen it all?  
Beauty you created in seven days  
My feet have not touched earth on other shores  
Have not climbed mountains  
Let my breath be taken away  
My lips have not sung every soulful song  
My arms have not touched everyone  
Who is need of my warmth  
My boat is small  
A minute  
A wrinkle in time  
Waiting is not an option.

## Untitled

*Kimberly Galvan*

Distant sounds spring  
from the violin.  
Deep in the hollows of the  
earth that pulled  
at my strings I was compelled  
to stop and listen.

I left some coins in his violin case  
truth and beauty  
deeper and deeper  
beneath the earth.

Whose music was it  
that finally slowed me  
down, bringing  
just a touch of  
beauty into my life?

## Untitled

*Megan Hernandez*

The sounds around me  
Can be so loud  
Can be so low

I sometimes wonder if they are real  
How can everyone else not tell?  
Insane?  
Special?  
Questions and thoughts  
God’s child.